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ἔλθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμιλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

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FOUR MASTERS OF ENGLISH FICTION.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY G. F. FICKLEN, '76, OF VA.

"This is no Fiction; this is Verity,
A leaf torn out of life."——

It seems an inevitable law that every epoch must leave to future generations to judge critically and candidly of its chief actors whether in the fields of literature, science, or human action; and hence it appears, that our heroes, genuine and counterfeit, must rely for their due place and award on the pages of history upon those very uncertain and unsubstantial mortgages in future—*post-obits*. Man's judgment like his physical nature is moulded in a great degree by surrounding circumstances, and the laws of association or familiarity seem to render us incapable of passing impartial and just judgments on our contemporaries; so it is a fact, sad but true, that it has ever been the chief labor of successive ages how adequately to rectify the errors of the past, and glorify those at whom their own generation cast "the contumelious stone."

Not only has it been incumbent on this hero-worshipping age to deify those who were not even prophets in their own time, but it has as often been its lot to act the part of the heartless iconoclast, dashing to pieces the dear idols of some past era, or consigning them to the lumber room and merited obsolescence. It would be a wearisome superfluity to enumerate the many instances of false criticism and pernicious judgment which have been passed and altered through the transfiguring periods of literary history. Distance lends enchantment to men, it is true, as well as to mountains, but how hard it is to conceive of Milton, the "blind bard" and "mighty orb of song," the "spirit that was only a little lower than the angels" as "Mr. Milton, the blind adder;" for so he was stigmatized, when in the mid-summer of his glory, by a populace which preferred Waller's weak verse and Dryden's drivelling plays to the divine revelation of "Paradise Lost;" or to think of the "Bard of Avon," the great High Priest of our English Literature, as a jovial good fellow, known to his associates as "Will," and who by his generation was reckoned a luminary of secondary order whose light was borrowed from that host of names, the possessors of which are now esteemed but the "brief candles" of the early morning of our drama. Wordsworth, the "poet-aster," abused, ridiculed, and oppressed by the literary "authorities," of his day is now to us the sweet interpreter of Nature, who indeed is not insensible to the "still sad music of humanity," but who alone of poets has held long and true communion with nature in her visible and invisible forms and has dipped into her beauties to disclose to common view the mine of wealth and attraction, that clings about this great Unknown.

How unfamiliar to us the names even of the founders and *ci-devant* masters of the British Drama—Lyly, Marlowe, Middleton, Decker, Webster, Chapman! Their works we look upon as some old armor that has hung since our childhood, covered with the dust of years, in the ancestral halls; or as

mummies, objects of interest not for any attractiveness in themselves but as exponents of an age, which has long since faded into the past, and of an art—the art of embalming dead classic models in modern verse—now lost without any reason for regret.

With this view of the metamorphosing effects of time we turn to look back on that most transitory of all literary creation,—the Novel; and while in referring to the Novelists of the past century, we recognize that we are digging in somewhat old soil we are, nevertheless, consoled by the belief that the aim of criticism is Truth and the treasure of Truth cannot have too many seekers. And that there are strong reasons for the study of these authors both on account of their intrinsic merit as writers and their historical value as accurate delineators of their time, would seem to be ignored by our age, which tends too much to give “to dust that is a little gilt more laud than gilt o’er dusted;” but which has here perhaps justly pronounced its “Mene, Tekel, Upharsin” on gilt that is a little too brazen in its hue.

Nothing strikes the reader of English Literature so forcibly as the change of taste in the republic of letters, and the fruitless question sometimes presents itself, to what degree of refinement this taste can reach and whence will come the material to supply it. “Broader and deeper,” says Emerson, “must we write our Annals.” As with the history of national experience so with the history of individual character. The change from the old chronological dust-heaps and the imitated classical drama has seen a sister transformation in the Novel, so that the Standard English Novels of to-day are scarcely recognized as evolved from like productions of the past age, although the debt of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot to Smollett, Fielding and Richardson is not inappreciable.

Fielding is incontestably the “Father of the English Novel” and the greatest writer of fiction during the last century.

Byron, wont to compass many a truth in the circuit of a crown-piece, spoke of him as the “prose Homer of Human

Nature;" and in conformity with the comparison it may be added that 'Tom Jones' is the Iliad of an individual, and its sequel 'Amelia' the fitting Odyssey of the homely and domestic phrase of whilom English life.

'Joseph Andrews,' the first written of these three works, a laughable satire on Richardson's 'Pamela' is peculiarly Fielding's own and to be likened to nothing similar in the whole field of English literature.

At the outset we are to make a bold claim for Fielding's romances in placing them in the niche of the so-called historical novel. True that there are no historical personages or events directly sketched and embodied in them, yet so faithfully and picturesquely the customs and characteristics of this distinctive and pregnant period of English history are depicted that we feel justified in making this postulate, which in a degree may be extended to the novels of both Smollett and Richardson but belongs emphatically to those of Harry Fielding.

We have not thought fit to discuss the advantage or disadvantage of novel reading, because however the practical utility of such reading may be questioned, the fact remains incontrovertible that novels are read all over the world, by young and old, without distinction of persons or professions. Novels, in general, are sweet things; where they contain truthful and striking pictures of contemporary life they are the supplement of history—nay, it may be said, they form the very flesh and muscle of the annalist's bare and rugged skeleton. But the true historical novels, with which we would rank Fielding's, have received without dispute the *imprimatur* of common authority, and near universal approbation.

Fielding was the Hogarth of English middle class of the last century as Dickens has been its humorous picturer during this. Hogarth left us a drawing of the "Rake's Progress" in the deep colors of the painter and the moralist; Fielding portrayed it, with an autobiographical dash, in Tom Jones. The former threw in, for moral effect, satire keen and piercing, but

very often added a tragic *finale* of retribution, under which was written, "Tyburn," that the kindly humorist had neither the heart nor the decision of character to render unto his vagabond heroes. The painter depicts the innate depravity of human nature; the novelist seems to be unaware of its existence or at least inculcates that "it is never too late to mend."

Two characteristics of Fielding are salient on every page of his books: a keen sense of the grotesque and a hearty detestation of all affectation and unwarranted assumption.

Jos. Andrews is generally esteemed the best of Fielding's three heroes, and indeed, the work is said to have been the author's favorite offspring. Parson Adams with his Eschylus, his defensive crab-stick, and his belief in apparitions, is a unique of unsophisticated goodness, a literary creation likely to elicit our admiration so long as we are forced to exclaim, like Orlando to his servant Adam, "Thou art not for the fashion of these times when none will sweat but for promotion." Fielding, himself of gentle birth, in his hatred and contempt for the supercilious airs assumed by "the quality" has found a literal and efficient disciple in the person of William Thackeray, who in all his writings is not only the devoted apostle of meekness and lowliness, but an avowed enemy to the unsufferable pretensions of the "social snob."

Nowhere is Fielding's advocacy of the rights of the plebeian more apparent than in 'Tom Jones,' and yet how ridiculous the light in which they appear throughout 'Joseph Andrews.' Mrs. Slipslop although she is "confidious" on all subjects, and a member of the "frail sect" queries in righteous indignation, who her "petters" are, and yet looks with cautious condescension on all inferior Abigails. Barnabas, Parson Trullibar and Tow-wouse are types of human frailty and eccentricity, thoroughly impregnated with the coarser grain of John Bull.

'Tom Jones,' the masterpiece of this author, is a more connected narrative of adventure and reflection, a legitimate

offspring of the age which witnessed the drunken, roystering imitation of chivalry, and the predominance of profligacy over puritanism. Tom Jones, the hero, is a "rambling rake." Squire Weston, we are assured, is a picture which is no silhouette, of the English country gentleman during the past century; while Bilfil, Thwackum, and Square are characteristic excrescences of a society in which billingsgate and beef-eating, rioting and religion were curiously mingled. The character of Sophia, the heroine, is a pure and unspotted exception to the rest of this corrupt circle, and the only instance of female perfection in the book, who by her father, true to his coarse nature, is held

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

"Amelia," as we have mentioned, is chiefly attractive for its sweet picture of a wife's love for her husband, and its "Illeggra" presentation of English home life. It is a fitting close to the three works of which it was the last, marking the somewhat mellowed but yet vigorous hand of the author who is betrayed, now and then, into dropping the garb of a writer of fiction, and transcribing a chapter from his own checkered experience. Captain Booth is a weak-minded, well-meaning man, whose life was paved with good intentions from which he has been seduced but to which he is finally reclaimed by the self-sacrificing devotion of a loving wife. Dr. Harrison is a more modern edition of Parson Adams, possessing all his genuine religion, less his oddities. The ethical end of this novel is a pleasing and accurate fulfilment of the author's declaration in his preface to "Joseph Andrews" where he thus answers the supposed charge of introducing vices into his works:

"First, it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions and keep clear from them. Secondly, the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, they are never the principal

figure at that time on the scene; and lastly, they never produce the intended evil."

We are not insensible to the imperfections of Fielding's novels. While we recommend them to the student of history as a well-filled gallery of historical pictures, lewd though many may be; yet we recognize that for several weighty reasons they should not be placed indiscriminately in the hands of novel readers. M. Taine speaks of Fielding as "eminently a moralist," but we doubt whether this *ipse dixit*, uttered though it be in the broad light of the nineteenth century, will be accepted as the judgment of this age. True that Fielding, from the preface to the end, professes to write that a moral may be drawn, and continually holds up a tapestry of human foibles and vices to our utter contempt, and confessedly true as it is that his works of fiction belonged, in the age which saw their production, to the department of practical ethics, yet their entire want of delicacy, the absence of even a few fig leaves to cover the nakedness of his allusions, and the too apparent need of refinement in the hearty, hilarious expression of his bluff nature has justly consigned to a retired rank this intensely vivid limner of human life, who, its faithful historian, teaches how low it has sunk and yet hints how high it may soar.

Imagine humor more coarse than Fielding's, an experimental rather than intuitive perception of character, a rough, devil-I-care dashing off of outlines without the manly, generous filling of Fielding and you have in brief the literary peculiarities of Smollett—that ineradicable Scotch thistle, whose life was always such a hard struggle for existence. Penniless in his early career and alway afflicted with impecuniosity, he was forced to enter as a surgeon's mate on a ship where he saw and endured what he afterwards so minutely and vividly pictured. No one, indeed, could have painted with such beneficent results the disgusting evils which festered beneath the hatches of a British ship, and none knew so well the land

sharks that await Jack on shore as Smollett; for Smollett was by nature a "painter of dung-hills," relieved only by his striking delineation of low characters, and his broad and spinous humor.

His novels like those of his contemporaries cannot properly be said to have any decided plot, but rather reflect the spirit and taste of their age for biography, and adventure in foreign parts. "Roderick Random" is an enlarged log-book, richly flavored with nautical adventure and sea-faring humor, which consists rather in a happy juxtaposition of person and place than in any essential original characters. Captain Tom Bowling, a rude sketch of a rough class, does not under Smollett's hands rise to the dignity of a type. There is enough in the rough block, but the sculptor lacks the skill to put the required finish. Strap, however, the valet whose master, notwithstanding the proverb, is always a hero in his eyes, is an epitome of humor and amusement, a decided improvement, as Talfourd thinks, on Fielding's Partridge. The thin, piping figure of Miss Snap, with her large fortune and her wealth of learning is also a rare bit of caricature. Her repartees are always sharp, but her reply to the impudent Beau Nash, who knowing her intimate acquaintance with the Bible, requests the name of Tobit's dog, is richly sarcastic—

"I don't recollect, but I think they called him *Nash*."

"Peregrine Pickle" is the most complete and interesting of this author's works. Peregrine himself is for the most part contemptible, but the figures of old Hawser Trunnion and the immortal Pipes are master-strokes in their way.

Smollett's heroes are completely the children of circumstance. Indeed the adventures seemed fashioned to fit the adventurers and, unlike Fielding's, are not the outgrowth of the peculiar nature of the participants. Peregrine Pickle is endowed with a desire of travel, with fortune and good looks, which involve him in a series of martial frolics and mishaps; but he is blessed with little that elicits our praise or sympathy.

In prosperity he is arrogant in his action ; in adversity he is reduced to the edge of despair and gravely contemplates suicide. He also seems to delight in visiting his chief personages with innumerable disappointments, and the misfortune of duels, debts, and the sponging-house ; placing them under the baneful hand of that deity who, according to a new reading,

" Shapes our ends rough,
Hew them how we will."

We cannot say that like the typical heroes they always elicit our sympathy ; on the contrary these visitations are generally very satisfactory to the reader, except in their happy termination.

Smollett has the credit of originating two eccentricities in fiction, in which he has been followed by eminent latter-day novelists and humorous writers ; viz. : the peculiar combination of vowels and consonants bestowed as names on his characters, and secondly, the rather doubtful vehicle of conveying wit and exciting laughter by mutilating the English orthography and grammar. Dickens, whose names were a source of constant study, is a pupil of Smollett in the first, and Thackeray has not disdained in his "Yellow-plush Papers" to follow his example in the second, thereby giving birth to a host of imitators, among whom Artemas Ward and Josh Billings are most prominent.

"Humphrey Clinker," a collection of badly expressed and worse spelled letters, is preëminently the first wholly humorous production of its age ; and throughout it Smollett is in his element—the broadly ludicrous. The Bramble family, Jenkins, and Lieutenant Lismahago are Shakespearian in their sketching, and undoubtedly the natural progenitors of the Pickwick club ; for, if, as Thackeray thinks, "Humphrey Clinker" be the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began," Pickwick is easily second. Though written when its author was past the meridian of his glory "Humphrey Clinker" will, we think, ever be

regarded fully as rich as the first-fruits and as perfect as the maturest efforts of his genius.

Richardson, although the founder of this the objective school of Novelists, we have reserved to the last; for Richardson was to all appearances a striking illustration of what has been termed "protoplasmic humanity." The petty malignity which he exhibited toward the author of "Joseph Andrews," and the contempt with which he treated his fame characterizes Richardson as personally mean and creeping,—in a word, "little." But we hasten to add that Richardson in addition to his many merits as a writer was far more scrupulously moral in his life and teachings than any of his illustrious contemporaries or immediate successors.

'Pamela,' 'Clarissa Harlowe' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' although filled with pictures of distressing moral turpitude and tragedy may nevertheless be safely ranked among the "religious novels" of their age, if it be granted this class then existed, allowing the principle of evolution to apply to it at the present day. 'Pamela' is a collection of letters ostensibly prepared as a manual for letter-writers, but intrinsically valuable for its highly moral plot and lessons, which are more than epistolary in their scope. While his idea of "the christain gentleman" is rather too perfect to be human and his scheme of conduct so ideal that by suppressing hope it represses imitation, yet the past generation owe a debt to Richardson not easily calculated and which, we are told, was recognized even by the pulpit, since from it his books were publicly recommended. Sir Charles Grandison is the history of a rather stiff and grandiloquent gentleman who is Richardson's idea of "the perfect man," but who is not only pedantic but puritanic. In Clarissa Harlowe, we have scenes of such Christain fortitude and virtuous endurance as are scarcely conceivable except as refracted from the imagination of so incorruptible a moralist as Richardson. Lovelace is a demon incarnate; for following Milton, Richardson has dismissed the vulgar devil

with horns and fiery breath and substituted the insidious intellectual creature who goeth about with the evil propensity to destroy all that is pure and beautiful. Probably here it was that Bulwer found the prototype of more than one of his heroes; only Richardson placards his devils as such, Bulwer never does.

Says Talfourd:

"The novels of Richardson are among the grandest and most singular creations of human genius. They combine an accurate acquaintance with the freest libertinism and the sternest professions of virtue—a sporting with vicious casuistry and the deepest horror of free-thinking—the most stately ideas of paternal authority and the most elaborate display of its abuse."

Lawrence Sterne was eminently a sentimentalist, and, although his sermons exceed in published volumes his novels he has been placed high in the rank of English Novelists. The coarse and decidedly unclerical character of his writings has justly caused them to receive much animadversion; and we have good reasons to believe that his personal conduct did not belie his publications and the low jests of "poor Yorick" were transcriptions from the curate of York's own conversation. Sterne has had his counterpart in this century,—that "fat oily man of God," Sydney Smith, whose jokes ecclesiastical and secular have afforded amusement to a far larger public than his sermons could ever reach.

Much, too, has been written of Sterne's sentiment. To some he is altogether a sham and a sniveller; to others his work, are a combination of wit so sparkling and humor so kindly and pathetic as could flow alone from one brimful of the milk of human kindness. If he be a quack, certainly humbug sentiment has never been so immortalized as the stories of the Dead Ass and Le Fevre. Neither Sterne's life nor the larger part of his writings will bear the scrutinizing eye and suit the elevated taste of to-day; and his works, unlike those of the great trio who preceded him, are not valuable as pen-sketches of their age.

His characters are a combination of the sympathetic, the droll, and the obscene, with the latter prevailing; and this it is that he delights to dwell upon like those small vermin which feed on festering flesh. And yet at times there are scenes and paragraphs in his books which breathe a healthy moral sentiment, redolent even with Christian faith and charity, and which to the forgiving reader seem to cover a multitude of minor failings and bring to bear that divine absolution, "Ye who abide in charity, abide in me." But it is not to be denied that Sterne's characters are tainted with a debilitating sickliness, and, as Coleridge says, some of the best features of our nature are made "the panders and condiments of its basest."

There is a very ominous prediction in the following conclusion of an apostrophe to his "Tristram Shandy":—

"For what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?" Sterne's works can never be rescued from the gutter; but he was mistaken in the company they would have.

It must be admitted, however, that the idiosyncrasies of my Uncle Toby whose heart has usurped even the place of his head, of Mr. Shandy whose accumulation of lore had deadened his sympathies, the Widow, and the incomparable Corporal Trim appeal to some crotchet in our nature, which would seem to rebel against the severe but inflexible truth of that moral maxim—"whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

It is indeed hard to form an accurate judgment of Sterne's works, for his wit is so often hampered by pedantry, forcing us to wade through unmeasured chaff to find the few golden grains, that we naturally turn from him, to those who have had too much genius to be turgid, and too much skill to be prolix. The most, probably, has been allowed, when, as already, it is said that there are instances in his books of pure genuine feeling, eloquently worded, sparkling wit—often indeed stolen

from the fulgurations of Rabelais and Scarron,—and pleasant humor; all of which are so apposite to their possessors that we may conclude, like Dickens' Micawber, they are portraits from life of some near friends or relatives—more likely the latter.

Thus have we striven to sketch in fair, bold characters the master-workers in the popular fiction of a past age. Where good lies we have attempted to rescue it from any obscurity, but when grossness is apparent we have set down, naught in extenuation.

Much has been said in defense of the licentiousness of old-time writers, transferring the culpability from author to reader, shoving the crime of the individual upon the society, and excusing the obscenity of libertines because the age in which they lived was not the most proper imaginable. There is the shadow only of justice in this; the substance of the guilt we are satisfied, rests with the author. Certain as it is that the society of our ancestors was less refined and modest than that of their posterity, and that a spade was a spade not only was acknowledged but expressed with a great many concomitant adjectives which sound uncouth and immodest to our ears, yet we are not at liberty to suppose that female virtue was, then, so much rarer or libertinism so much more rampant.

But the ideas and productions of yesterday must be judged by the principles of to-day. Just as the light of some far distant orbs, which themselves may have disappeared from the zenith ere their radiance reaches us, is refracted from prisms the best that the intelligent mechanism of this age can supply, so the glory of these stars now sunk beneath the literary horizon must be measured by the enlightened standards of the nineteenth century.

When, however, we contemplate these the standard novels of the past century, we turn with thankful hearts to the pure crystal streams with which this age is blest in the novels of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, who in depicting ideal

man and womanhood and in giving the novel a deeper psychological character, have made it the great moral engine of modern social life, forcing even those who are not optimists to admit this to be the Silver age of English Fiction.

However this is viewed, it cannot be disguised that the formative era of the English Novel was its *Brazen* age.

A LEAF OF FERN.

I.

I gaze on thee and think of one whose image
Is faintly shadowed in thy lines of grace ;
I see her stoop beside me, in the meadow,
To pluck thee from thy quiet hiding place.
O, silent days of joy, oh spell so quickly broken !
Why did their hours unheeded flow along,
When memory finds each half expressed love token
Return like words of some familiar song,
Whose lingering, haunting, echoes through the hours prolong !

II.

Fading !—the old love, like these tender tracings,
Withers with touch of Time, too frail to last ;
The fairest flowers are blossoms of the moment,
All eloquent of joys forever past.
And yet I listen to the voice which murmurs
“ What holds the past of joy or woe for me ?
Was the hope, once so fair, aught more than human,
That it should never, as the shadow, flee,
Or flash, a meteor,—then forever cease to be ?”

T.

WORSHIP, THE HIGHEST ACT OF MAN.

There is a living principle inherent in the soul, whose exalted aspirations may raise the whole being above the level of common life. In every age there have been men who, soaring above like larks at break of day, have bathed in the light of the morning long before the rest of the world has waked in the darkness below ;—Luthers, whose lark notes have wakened sleeping nations to the dawn-fires of truth, and whose thrilling songs still echo in our later civilization. Ever have there been men who have lived on a higher plane of being than that of their fellows, whose hearts throbbed in harmony with eternal raptures, and whose lives were robed with the serene strength of a divine uplifting. Men, who have stood forth like spiritual forces, to rouse and purify, to elevate and strengthen, and whose lives have marked epochs in the world's advancement: like Wilberforce and Edwards, whose presence was magnetic with the power of the spiritual nature within them.

The religious principle has been the great absorbing thought of man from the earliest traditionary period, and it is indissolubly linked with all his proceedings. It has been the controlling spirit of every form of social life, political organization, and of every institution of society. It has given to the poet his sublimest thoughts, to the artist his noblest creations, and to the philosopher an ethereal expanse beyond the sweep of even Platonic wings. Governments not recognizing its claims has been short-lived, and the existence of every organization that disregarded the religious element has at best been weak and stationary. Amid the ruined cities of the old world, the ancient temples of India, the mausoleums and marble domes of Egypt and Greece; amid the desolations of Judea and Mexico, in every land we find monuments of the prodigious power of the religious element in man.

As an expression of his religious nature, obeying his divine instinct, man worships; and intelligent worship is truly said

to "presuppose and involve the presence and activity of every element of our proper humanity." True worship, then, includes the exercise of the highest powers of the intellect and the will, with the most exalted state of the passions, hence it follows that worship is the expression of man's highest nature, and therefore the highest act of which he is capable.

One of America's great scholars has said that "Worship is the complete and full expression of our proper humanity carried up to its highest point. Failing to reach this point, humanity fails of its proper amplitude and upward growth; there is reaction downward, and the whole being becomes dwarfed and perverted." Long ago it was said by Lord Bacon that "Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain." This strength in dependence is seen throughout the whole material world. Nothing is complete in itself. Each thing trusts in something else. The towering oak is dependent on the tender rootlets for support and nourishment, the historic ivy clings to the wall, the nestlings look to the parent birds for life, and when we come to man we see that he is dependent on God. He needs to aspire or he retrogrades; for him the dawn is ever becoming brighter, or the twilight darker. Great truths are ever breaking upon his view like expanding suns through a powerful telescope, till all immensity is glorious light; or waning, waning, as star-dust, fading nebulae, they disappear from sight.

In an old play we read, "Pure and strong souls do like the fire still covet to fly upward." The higher nature of man will assert itself. The moral world is a great fact. Indeed, it is like the great atmosphere whose massive weight, although we be not conscious of it, presses upon all parts of the body, and it is our very draught of life. The materialist to explain away the moral nature must nullify man in the attempt. That he in his grossness cannot ascend to spiritual things proves nothing in regard to the attainments of others; for, "it is as truly

the privilege of the eagle to soar, as it is the province of meaner things to crawl."

Mr. Tyndall and other physicists have met with some difficulty in applying their crucial tests to prayer. Whether God hears and answers prayer directly or through agencies, is a matter hard to definitely assert; but it cannot be denied that prayer satisfies a certain appetency of the soul, inspires our common life with nobler impulses, and has been practically efficacious in restraining vice and in reclaiming many from the lowest grades of society. True worship gives an elevation to the mind which is in itself a solution of questions concerning human life and destiny. There is an inner sight by which "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Grand and imposing as are the features of the material world, we must recognize the fact that they are only forms, mere changing matter in the hands of an unseen Director. They are the temporal; but back of the temporal is the eternal, the enduring, the real entities. Temporal things are but the "dim shadows that haunt this early morning of our immortality, images that dance in the soul's twilight," fleeting dreams compared to the everlasting realities that underlie them. The lofty mountain, the earthquake, the simoon of the desert, the roar of Scylla and Charybdis, in their objective might, impress us as the all-powerful. But the mountain wastes away, the whirlwind loses its force, and the wildest storm on land or ocean fades into nothingness compared with the power of that simple command, "Peace, be still."

As in the material world, so in worship, forms are apt to hide the realities. At times they have thoroughly perverted religion, and in her trail of fire and blood she has assumed the character of a destroying angel.

Forms at best are mere helps to a higher conception of the divine, and the truly enlightened mind will allow none to

darken his worship or obscure his perceptions. He will praise from his soul which is the great temple chosen of God for worship; and when the soul is awake to heavenly influences the joyful harmonies of the higher life in swelling tones sweep through the mystical aisles of this temple, and re-echo beneath its radiant dome. "Angelic ministers frequent its courts; they kindle sacred fires on its altars; they look from heaven into its windows; or descend to unbar its portals, that new hopes, living ideas, immortal joys, and divine ecstasies, may enter in and dwell there."

In the regions of literature and art we see the supreme sway exerted by the religious principle. Religion has been their great mother, nourishing and fostering, and to her they owe their noblest creations. Why is it that the spiritual element enters so largely into the works of genius, if it is not that it offers the freest sweep to the imagination, and sublimates the writer's thoughts and feelings far above himself? Indeed, in this respect it creates the the genius. In this spiritual region it was that Spenser evoked his "Hymns of Heavenly Beauty," Wordsworth sung of "Immortality," and Milton and Dante, with lips almost by angels kissed, wrought out their sublime epics which the world proclaims its deathless possessions. It was religion that inspired the master souls of Angelo and Raphael with those conceptions of august beauty, which they have portrayed in the Transfiguration, and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. It was the spiritual alone that gave to Raphael's creations that angelic grace, that celestial expression, and to Angelo, the sublimity, the epic grandeur of his Last Judgment.

We need not speak of the religious tone of architecture. The temples of the East, and the vast cathedrals of Europe, the innumerable churches of christendom, whether Gothic, Doric, or the stately Ionic, all, with spires pointing towards heaven, attest the high service of architecture, as well as the extended influence of man's religious nature.

The forms of worship are changeful and may pass away, but the principle, religion itself can never die. In the beautiful words of a living writer, "Its ancient temples may fall; unclean birds may inhabit the ruins; the infidel may revel where the altar stood; the ox draw the ploughshare over consecrated ground, and wild beasts dwell by its haunted streams and in its sacred mountains; but Religion—deathless as the soul itself—hears the trumpet of its resurrection in the very shock that hurls its material symbols and deserted temples to the dust."

Yes, religion is "deathless as the soul itself;" for what brings us near the Divine than to worship in spirit? To be in sympathy with the angels is virtually to enter the heavenly abodes; to be in communion with God is to feel the divine presence; and when the soul thus worships, it rises from the dead banquet halls of time to the feast chamber of the gods. E'en

"As wakes a star and finds itself a sun;
As wakes dim night and finds itself a day,"

so the soul, uplifted by prayer, is exalted to that supreme height where it sees that "its scene of action is the Universe; Eternity is its opportunity, and the angels and God are its kindred."

L.

Voice of the Students.

[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

THE SUNDAY SERVICES.

It has long been the sentiment among the students that there are too many required services on Sunday, and that to attend these, in addition to the class prayer-meetings, makes the Sabbath not a day of rest but almost as laborious as a week day. There is a great deal more truth than fiction in this. We know that those who officiate are most energetic in their efforts to do good, and let no one, for a moment, entertain the thought that we design criticizing their zeal and fidelity. It will, however, be our aim to show the advisability of having the Bible lectures delivered at some other time, thus releasing the students from the afternoon service. Our reason for advocating this is, as has already been stated, because there are too many services on Sunday. The present system does not allow one to sit down, and, for any length of time, enjoy the quiet of his own room. It does not afford the rest so much needed, after six days of steady, patient toil. Then too, as the culture of the soul for the future state is partly an intellectual process, when the mind becomes tired, it does not so readily receive religious truths. For this very reason, it is often the case that one man, after hearing a sermon, will be able to give

a comprehensive analysis of it, because his mind has not been weary and all its powers have been on the alert; while another will hardly be able to repeat the text, because his mind has been overfatigued and has either been partially stupid during the sermon, or else has wandered to other themes more trivial in their nature. It is infinitely better for a person to listen to one good sermon on Sunday and thoroughly digest the truths therein contained, than to hear half a dozen discourses, each succeeding one of which acts as an opiate on the one preceding. In fact, the same law should be observed in imparting religious instruction which must be observed in the acquisition of any other kind of knowledge. To read an interesting book, when the mind is fresh and vigorous, is a very different thing from reading it after the mind has been worn out by a day of close and wearisome study. In the former case, the mind will be fully able to appreciate its various excellencies, whereas in the latter instance, perhaps one-half the power of the mind will be expended in endeavoring to forget the day's duties and to concentrate itself on what is before it. With a mind thus deprived of one half its ordinary efficiency, what wonder is it that many a precious pearl of thought, many a bright gem of truth should be passed by unnoticed and unadmired. The abolition of the Sunday afternoon lecture may be objected to, on the ground that students would take walks. Now although we do not believe that the Sabbath should be spent as a day of pleasure, yet it seems to us that one cannot worship God any better in a house than under the broad canopy of heaven, where tree and shrub, hill and dale, and all the gorgeous landscape mutely proclaim the goodness of the Supreme Being. It may also be objected to this plan that some students would spend the afternoon "in ways that are dark and in tricks that are vain." But even the present system cannot prevent this. If a student is bent upon wasting Sunday afternoon, it is almost an impossibility to prevent him. Then again, it is hardly advisable to deprive the majority of the students of needed

rest, in order to put a restraint upon a small minority. We have two plans to propose, neither of which is, however, entirely satisfactory. (1). The first is that Sunday-morning prayers should be discontinued, and that the Bible lectures should be delivered between the hours of nine and ten. This will give an intermission of one hour between the lecture and the regular morning service. (2). The second plan is that the President should deliver his lectures in the Chapel, before all the classes, on Monday morning, in place of the Greek Testament recitations, there being little doubt but what the abolishment of the latter would prove more beneficial than their continuance. It has been to us rather a delicate matter to touch upon a subject of this nature, and, had we not believed that some change was actually necessary, no mention of it would have been made. The plans proposed will, perhaps, be objected to on various grounds; we would, therefore, like to have them fully discussed with a view to securing a better one, and we would further suggest that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Faculty and request them to give the subject a careful consideration.

M. P. C.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF GRADING.

The new system of grading provides that the general average of each class shall not exceed eighty-five. By this arrangement, there are only a very few in each department who can receive high grades. If fifteen men all deserve the grade of one hundred, it is not allowable to give it to them all, but only to about six or eight. The rest, though equally deserving, are obliged to receive a lower grade. It is the object of the system to lower the general average of the classes and to secure greater strictness in grading. The former is undoubt-

edly secured, but we defy any one to show that there is greater strictness in grading now than there was under the old regime. Strictness in grading means, of course, carefulness in fixing the proper value upon a student's work. But this system deprives a Professor of the right of being impartial in grading and, however honest his intentions, might lead him unconsciously to show favoritism. It is a system which makes a seeming difference between individuals, when, in reality, there is no difference. There is about as much justice in it as in a farmer's paying one laborer twice as much as another, although they each do the same amount of work and do it equally well. It is unjust to any class as a whole, because it puts every individual in a false position, and it is especially unjust to a certain portion of the class, called "middle men," who do not receive the credit which they deserve for work performed. It is strange and incomprehensible to us how men of sound judgment, men who profess to mete out to each one that which is his due, should have adopted a system so manifestly unjust in its workings. We call, therefore, upon the Trustees, in the name of common sense and justice, in the name of all that is reasonable, to do away with the present outlandish system and either return to the old form of grading or else adopt one which shall be founded on strictly just and equitable principles.

K.

Editorial.

WHAT WERE the causes of Yale's withdrawal from the Rowing Association of American Colleges, we have as yet been unable positively to discover. To say that it was because she vainly desired "to win an occasional race" seems rather absurd, for, if we have counted correctly, she has already won, since she has been a member of the Association, nearly three times as many "occasional races" as any other college. But we do not see that this gives her a right to arrogate to herself an undefined and undefinable superiority, such as is suggested by the statement that Yale has no "rivalry" except with Harvard. We do not know what this means, but its most obvious interpretation is a very braggart one. We should wish, as much as any other college, to row against Yale next year, but if she leaves the Association because her assumed superiority will not permit her to associate with ordinary colleges, our regret at her withdrawal is materially lessened.

But whatever were the causes, whether disgust at past defeat and fear for equal discomfiture in the future, or indignation at alleged improper management in the last regatta, or a desire to hoist herself upon a lofty pedestal of aristocratic seclusion from the small fry of colleges, or whether she was influenced by some other more laudable motive, certainly her action has been taken at a time when of all others it were more in accordance with taste and public spirit for her, and for every other member, to remain true to the Association. The next regatta will be witnessed by an immense number of visitors

from foreign countries. How consonant with the patriotic exhibitions of our national industries and arts, displayed at an infinite expense of money and of labor, would be the defection of one or two of the leading participants, from a contest of such peculiarly national character and interest, simply on account of some petty local jealousies? Moreover, the still unanswered invitations tendered to the English Universities, to participate in the regatta of this year, ought to have a powerful influence in deciding such a question. A left-handed compliment it is, to invite a friend to an entertainment, and then cut the concern yourself.

It has been spitefully hinted that Yale's withdrawal was for the purpose of preventing the acceptance of these invitations by the English Universities. And we can readily see how the desertion of the two leading colleges, might tend to make our friends wary of acceptance. But at present it seems that such an attempt, however confidently made, is likely to fail. Harvard will row in the races, and there will probably be present one or two crews from over the water. We have every reason to anticipate that the next regatta will be a greater success than any preceding one.

THE RELATIONS OF Princeton College to the Inter-collegiate Literary Association, suggest a few things to us which may profitably be said.

We recognize the fact that an institution which is strictly a college, whose object is the symmetrical development of the mind, and whose course of study in consequence embraces a variety of subjects, each of which requires a certain amount of attention, is at great disadvantage in competitive examinations upon particular subjects, when opposed by an institution which encourages the study of single branches, to the exclusion of all others. For example, what presumption of success in an examination in Greek would a student have, who had pursued

the subject only as one among the numerous branches required in a college, devoting one hour a week to it, against a competitor who had "spent the past two years upon Greek alone, and the whole of the second of these two years upon the *Œtippus* of Sophocles, which formed the basis of the examination?" The quotation above is from a statement authoritatively made by a delegate, in the convention on Jan. 5th, 1876, in regard to the successful competitor for the Greek prize in 1875. We quote it to show the great disparity in the possible preparation of students, in colleges differing thus. This may, in some slight degree, explain the result of the competitive examinations in 1875.

Under this disadvantage Princeton College labors, in company with a number of the colleges in the Association. But this disadvantage, so far from throwing a damper over our ardor in this matter, should be a stimulus to us still more to exert ourselves to make a creditable record. To do this it is necessary, if we contest at all, that our best men be appointed as competitors, that they be, individually, ready to put forth their best efforts, and lastly, that *we be represented* in all those subjects in which we excel.

The present apathy of the College on this whole subject is by no means adapted to accomplish these results. And until the public sentiment shall be such that our best men are willing to contend, we cannot expect to take a high position in the Inter-collegiate Literary Contest. In the last contest, we had but two representatives, one in Oratory and one in Mathematics. But every one will acknowledge that we should have sent two or more in the department of Essay writing. We had, and still have, men who would take a high stand in comparison with men from other colleges, and no cause other than a lack of interest prevented us from being an able competitor in that department this year. If we cannot be fully and properly represented, it would be better if we were not a member of the Association.

WHAT WE BELIEVED upon the fraternity question and what we know to be the belief of the college as a body and of many alumni, whose observations in past years were corroborative of our own, we declared in the December LIT. unhesitatingly and warmly, and if not without "offensive personalities" we are not willing that they should stand. We are in possession of facts which do not sustain our position as regards the twenty years' policy of the Faculty with fraternities; and of the Faculty's express denial that, as a body, it has ever sustained but one attitude towards them.

IT IS WITH pleasure that we call attention to the independent and forcible, though gentlemanly, manner in which Princeton's delegates comported themselves at the Inter-collegiate Conventions in New York on Jan. 4th and 5th. We wish to mention in particular Mr. T. D. Jones, Chairman of the delegation to the Literary Association, and Mr. H. E. Davis, delegate to the Rowing Association. The exertions of Mr. Davis were largely instrumental in fixing the location of the regatta of 1876 at the only available and competent point. To Mr. Jones alone is due the introduction of Mental Science as a subject of examination at the next Contest, and the work of revising and amending the Constitution and By-Laws was done under his guidance. Both gentlemen exercised a powerful influence in their respective conventions, and by their fluent and pleasing speech, and the cogency of their argument, always received respectful attention. It is devoutly to be wished that the interests of Princeton College in similar conventions, may always be in as able hands.

ONCE MORE HAS *The Dartmouth* spoken. With characteristic simplicity, its exchange editor endeavors to exculpate himself from an imaginary charge against his personal character,

which he has found in our December number. Now we wish it distinctly understood that we intended no slur upon the gentleman's reputation. In fact, we don't know who he is, as he certainly doesn't seem to know who we are. Hence it would be absurd for us seriously to charge him as an individual with having been by compulsion inside of stone walls and iron bars, or even with having drunk eight gallons of whiskey in a single night. We assure all the friends of the gentleman, that we don't believe he ever did it.

The writer of whom we are speaking has taken great pains and doubtless spent much time in manufacturing opprobrious epithets to apply to one of our colleagues, who, we are certain, has never wished Dartmouth anything but good, and all because we obtained from him and printed in one of our articles a single fact which really was to a degree immaterial to the point at issue. Into this dirty ditch of personal abuse we don't care to follow him. We will discuss College Colors with him, or any other subject upon which we have a difference, but in such a contest as that we leave him a clear field.

THAT OLD, well-worn subject of discussion, the College walks, is again forced unpleasantly upon our notice by a thaw and a rain. We have seen walks which could be traversed without wading through a mud puddle. Would that some such could be imported into Princeton.

Olla-podrida.

On December 6th, Hon. Carl Schurz delivered his lecture "Centennial Thoughts" before the Students' Lecture Association. The lecture was characterized by good sound sense and manly statesmanship, and displayed the lecturer's hearty interest in the affairs of this his adopted country whose Centennial is soon to be celebrated. It is scarcely necessary to say, so well known are the opinions and feelings of this great man, that he is a thorough American. He loves this country, is proud of its greatness, mourns its weakness, and labors for its advancement. Naturally enough the "Centennial Thoughts" of such a man were a "few sober thoughts, presented in a sober and thoughtful manner." There was no attempt at displaying the great and undoubted achievements of this government, nor a cruel and heartless revelation of its corruption, but rather a simple recognition of the good and a kind but bold exposure of the evil. He felt that the honest American when in the Centennial year he displayed our wonders to his foreign friends and marked their satisfaction, would feel dissatisfied and humiliated within himself, as he thought of the corruption which he would fain conceal. We approach this year with no self-glorification, for notwithstanding our material progress we see with mortification the degradation of our moral character. The corruption which exists in our present system of politics was the thread running through the lecture; and the comparison which he made between the political circles of our natal and those of our centennial year, was most favorable to the former and equally disparaging to the latter. Evidently he is an admirer of Washington and his compeers and a shocked and unhappy spectator of the grossness of our political intriguing. He detected two causes of our decline in moral sentiment and political tone during the past hundred years. First, the growth of corruption, which is spreading through the whole fabric of our government; and secondly, the decline of Statesmanship. This latter cause has its root in that slavery to party which nearly all our public men display, and that sacrifice of principle to the dictates of party caucuses which degenerates the Statesman into the politician. Corruption has its rise no less in our social than in our political system. Our habits of extravagance, love of display, our shoddiness, and all their attendant evils were considered in their relation to our political corruption. Then, again, we have builded up a political system which fosters corruption and is a

nursery of evil. The evils of our civil service, our system of patronage, the viciousness of our "spoils system," Mr. Schurz showed in a true and forcible, but not very flattering manner. He maintained however that the "people are good at the core" and declared his belief in the integrity of the people, notwithstanding the corruption in the leaders. He closed with a wish that this Centennial year might awaken such a desire for pure government in the hearts of honest men that there would be a mighty overturning and overhauling of the old systems, and the removing forever all significance to the political motto, "To the victor belongs the spoils." The lecture was full of significant facts and pithy points which rendered it both valuable and interesting.

And here we would say a word in regard to the Lecture Association. We think it ought to be better supported. It is their aim, and they generally secure it, to present to us able lecturers who will afford entertainment and instruction, and we would commend them to the patronage of the students. It is almost impossible for a man to invest his money to better advantage than in a ticket to any one of the lectures in this Winter's Course. Those who stay away from indifference ought to awake to what they are losing, and those who stay away for economy's sake ought to be wise enough to know that it is poor economy. We hope to see the remaining lectures of the course attended better than those already delivered. The next lecture will be delivered on the 18th of the present month by Mr. DeCordova on "The Sprats at Saratoga."

On Dec. 10th, Prof. Mark Bailey gave some readings to a select audience at the Seminary Chapel. Quite a number of the college students were invited and enjoyed the entertainment. Notwithstanding Prof. Bailey was suffering from a cold, he read with admirable effect quite a number of selections, both serious and humorous.

Among other selections were the celebrated conversation in Othello between Iago and Othello where Iago poisons the mind of Othello in regard to the faithfulness of his wife, Desdemona. Also the death of "Joe" from "Bleak House," and Mark Twain's experience with an Interviewer. We thought that Sam. was read the best.

On Dec. 18th, the Freshmen were smart enough to build a respectable fire around the cannon. It must have taken good engineering to have built such a large fire as it was without detection when the Campus was lighted and the night watchman was on duty. We thought when we saw the gas lights put in the campus, that we must bid farewell to our old-timed and much beloved bon-fires. But lo! the Freshies have shown that the light is no hindrance nor the watchman a terror to their bold designs. By the way, we would respectfully ask where the night watchman keeps himself. This is the second occasion that he has been needed and could not be found. The night of the fire in East, diligent search was made for him with no good result. On the 18th ult., at 9 P. M., if he had been within the corporate limits of the borough and had had his wits about he would have known that his presence was needed between East and West. But

after half an hour's patient waiting for him we gave him up. It is altogether possible that serious consequences might some night follow his neglect of duty.

Evidently the Freshmen had made up their minds to distinguish themselves before the last term closed for boldness and cunning. On Sunday, Dec. 19th, about noon two or three of them attempted to "crack a crib;" or, in other words, to enter Tutor Condit's room and steal his examination paper. The transom was carefully removed and one dextrously got into the room, and proceeded to rummage around for the long desired treasure, while the others kept guard. "Dutch Steve," who was running the engine in the cellar immediately under the scene of Freshie's operation, heard the noise, and suspecting that some fun was brewing came up stairs, and watched the boy through the key-hole of the Tute's study-door, which opens into South Middle. When he had seen enough he scared his victim by putting a key into the door. The way the daring fellow went through the transom was a caution. The result of his exploit was only a good scare and no examination paper.

In a lecture in Civil Government last term, our Prof. discussed the question of a simple freeholder, or property qualification for voting. It reminded us of a little anecdote of Bishop Simpson. In discussing the same question he used the following illustration. Possession of property to the value of twenty dollars is necessary to the voter. Now, a man owns to-day a jackass worth twenty dollars, and he voted. To-morrow the jackass dies. Query: Which voted, the man or the jackass?

Our vacation was lengthened at both ends. The Faculty very considerably so arranged the examinations as to close last term one day sooner than the catalogue announced. Then the students pleased with the kindness of the Faculty, showed their appreciation by a petition to begin the present term on the 12th, instead of the 5th. Again the heart of that great body beat with pity for us, and from its abundant fullness cut off six days of the term. We have enjoyed a full three weeks vacation, and again the Prof. smiles upon us.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS IN PRINCETON. No. 2.—The most recent gift of the Messrs. R. L. and A. Stuart, of New York, to the Princeton Theological Seminary, is a fac-simile of the Utrecht psalter. It will be remembered by those who have watched the progress of efforts to free the church of England from fetters bequeathed by ancient controversy, that it was lately proposed to dismiss the Athanasian creed from the Book of common prayer, on the ground that it is a monkish composition, of no such antiquity as has been claimed for it. The pretensions made in its behalf have rested upon its being appended to an ancient manuscript called the Utrecht psalter, belonging it was claimed, to the fourth century. Others have insisted that the manuscript is no older than the ninth century. To decide its age, the trustees of the British museum solicited the loan of that manuscript from the university of Utrecht; and accordingly, in the year 1872, it was brought over to England, and subjected to the scrutiny of many persons well versed in diplomatics. Seven out of eight such judges have agreed that it is

no older than the end of the eighth century or the beginning of the ninth. Advantage was taken of its presence in London to make a complete fac-simile of the entire manuscript, including all its appendages; and copies of it may henceforth be possessed by all who can command its price.

This splendid volume is a folio, fifteen inches by eleven. The vellum of the manuscript itself $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 10. The leaves of the psalter are 160, and of the whole manuscript, 185. The writing is in three columns, set across the breadth of each page. The letters are rustic Roman capitals, spaces being left between verses, and parallelisms; but not between words as such. These features appear to favor the supposition of extreme antiquity; but paleographers contend that the rudeness of the writing shows that the scribe was copying a manuscript much older than he had been accustomed to write. The headings of the psalms and the capitals beginning each verse are in a very different, modern character, which must have been that of the copyist's own period. The punctuation, also, abbreviations employed, betray an age long subsequent to that of unseparated Roman capitals. Between every two psalms are pen and ink drawings, illustrating the text, executed for the most part in a rapid, careless style; but often containing curious representations of the architecture, costume, and manners of the period when they were executed.

Nothing in these drawings, in the writing itself, in the phraseology, or in the orthography, satisfactorily indicates the century when this transcript of the psalter was executed. But that it was done when learning was neglected is apparent from the forms of many words. The eighth verse of the second psalm begins thus: "Postola a me." The tenth verse says: "Herudimini gui indicatis terram." At the end of v. 3, of the 4th psalm is "Liabpsalma;" and that word is often inserted when *Selah* does not occur in our version. The diphthong *ae* is often used instead of simple *e*. Ps. IX. 3, "Peribunt a facie tua," "Constituæ" for "constitue." Later in the volume are such expression as "Ex Maria virginæ," "Incipit fides catholicam." Beside the 150 psalms which we know, one more is added at the end of a sound anthology, drawn from lyric passages in the Bible and other books of devotion. It claims to be David's own psalm, when he fought with Goliath. It begins thus: "Pusillus evam inter fratus mers et adolescentior in domo patris mei. Pasebam oves patris mei. Manus meæ fuerunt organum, et digiti mei aptavorunt psalterium." We may judge of its merit by this specimen of loquacity. In the body of the manuscript, however, the psalter agrees word for word with one printed in 1462.

If now we adopt the decision of the English critics who have reported its age to be the beginning of the ninth century, how venerable does this psalter appear. These very pen marks, whose traces I look upon, were made in the life time of Charlemagne. If those scholars have brought it down a century too far, then it was written in the life time of king Alfred. The reality of this manuscript seems to give substance anew to these names which time has made shadowy, like creations of romance. It carries us back a full thousand years of time. Here, in

Princeton, we have the image of an existing manuscript which was perhaps seen by them. It helps us conceive the circumstances amid which they lived.

Perhaps our readers will not be content without some clearer idea of the look of this manuscript. We therefore copy a passage from the first psalm.

B EATVS VIR	ET INVIAPEC	SED INLECEDNI
QVINON	CATORVM	VOLVNTASEIVS
ABIT	NONSTETIT	ETINLEGEEIVS
INCONSILI	ET INCATHEDR	MEDITABITVRDI
OIMPIORV	APESTILENTIAE	LACNOCTE
	NONSEDI	

The following item was handed to one of the editors for publication in the last LIT., but, by an oversight, it was left out.

BASE BALL.—In accordance with the agreement made by the Directors of the Class Nines, one game in each series for the Class Championship in College was to be played last Fall after the 20th of October, and at that time all the nines were to be ready to play, and be open for the challenges, and the games should be played, provided, of course, nothing serious prevented. On the strength of this agreement the following games are claimed on forfeiture:

'78 claim the first game in their series with '77 by forfeiture on October 25th, 1875.

'76 claim the first game in their series with '77 by forfeiture on November 9th, 1875.

'77 was challenged on both of these occasions but did not accept, and hence forfeited the game.

A VASSAR GIRL wrote home: "Dee Pawpaw; we study Latin fo' owahs a day, Fwench seven up and science evah so lounge. The good matrons nevah let us go owet. Won't you send me my leggins and skates for a poo' little girl who lives in the village? Don't forget the heel straps."—*Ex.*

AN ALUMNUS sends us the following paragraph clipped from a newspaper, and remarks that "it may throw some light upon the benefits derived from Greek letter societies."—

Princeton College has entered upon a war against its small Greek letter secret societies, and has dismissed some fifteen students for joining such societies against College rules and their own pledges. Doubtless, such societies are a nuisance, and lead to insubordination and *immortality*.

"YALE and HARVARD don't want to see so much crowding at the tail end of the next college regatta," is the sarcastic way in which the *Boston Post* puts it.

THE *Tribune* devotes a column and one-half to the review of a little volume "Winter Sunshine." It has not yet reviewed "Chapel Stage Sunshine."

IN THE late examinations a Senior confidentially informed Dr. Murray that John Gilpin was Smollett's best work.

SINCE December 30, "Cal," "Stevie" and "Tom" sing in chorus,

"We won't swear off any more."

This in reference to billiards.

QUESTION in examination in Physiology, "What lies above the diaphragm?" Charley Ross (respondit) "*The Sarco-phagus*."

DURING THE vacation, "Toots" managed to while away fifteen hours per day in the embrace of Morpheus. And it wasn't much of a time for sleeping either.

A JUNIOR was so confident that Herbert Spencer wrote the "*Fairy Queen*" that he wanted to bet something on it.

MRS. TAYLOR'S DRAMATIC READINGS.—One of the most delightful entertainments at which we have had the pleasure to be present this season, was the Dramatic Readings given by Mrs. E. A. Taylor of Albany, N. Y., in the Second Presbyterian Church on Saturday evening, December 18. The time selected for the lady's appearance here was the most inauspicious that could have been chosen. Various local entertainments, anticipatory of the holiday season, had already taxed both the patience and pockets of the citizens, while the press of examinations rendered it impossible for the students to attend. But those who were fortunate enough to be present had a rare treat, and though few in number, they were appreciative and enthusiastic enough to give Mrs. Taylor the hearty applause which she so richly merited. The programme for the evening included the following selections:

PART FIRST.

"Jane Conquest;" "More Hullahbaloo;" "Trial of Queen Catherine;" "The Senator Entangled;" "The Death of Poor Joe;" "Legal Advice Under Difficulties."

PART SECOND.

"The High Tide;" "The Pilot;" "The Creeds of the Bells;" "The Hypochondriac;" "The Rising of 1776;" Weller's "Opinion of Widows."

All these selections were rendered in such an excellent manner that discrimination becomes a difficult task, yet there were some which we think merit especial mention. "More Hullahbaloo"—nonsensical and mirth-provoking as it was, gave the reader a fine opportunity of showing with what readiness and ease she could personate different characters, and the same characters in different actions, such as talking or singing. And each opportunity was fully improved to the satisfaction of the audience. We thought that Mrs. Taylor appeared to hardly so great advantage in the "Trial of Queen Catherine" as in the various other selections of a less serious nature. But she was at a disadvantage only when referred to her own standard of excellence in departments other than Tragedy. When we compared her rendition of this scene from the "Trial" to that of other more pretentious artists, we were compelled to award the palm to Mrs. Taylor. "The Senator Entangled" was simply inimitable. It is a comic representation of a very affecting interview between a bluff old Senator from "the States" and a charming Italian Countess at the palace of the latter in Florence. If the Countess used her eyes as well on the real, as did the reader on the imaginary Senator, we don't see how the old fellow got off from Florence so well as he did. "The Death of Poor Joe" was next read. A few evenings previous we had

heard a noted Professor of Elocution read the same selection; and we are decided in the opinion that, of the two, the Professor must take second place. "Legal Advice under Difficulties" brought Mrs. Taylor out in the role of imitating an embarrassed child endeavoring to speak its little set speech to a rough old Colonel from the country. The imitation was faultless and brought down the house. This closed Part First.

In Part Second, Jean Ingelow's poem, "The High Tide" was rendered with fine effect. "The Creed of the Bells," "The Hypochondriac" and "Weller's Opinion of Widows" met with an enthusiastic reception. The first was especially excellent.

At the conclusion of the readings several prominent gentlemen went forward, were introduced to Mrs. Taylor and expressed themselves as highly gratified with the entertainment. Since that time we have heard many expressions of opinion not one of which was unfavorable. Many have expressed a desire to hear the lady again, and we learn that a plan is now on foot to secure another reading next Spring. Should Mrs. Taylor favor us again, we think we can ensure her a full house and a warm reception.

The Second Annual Inter-Collegiate Contest in Oratory was held in the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of the 4th instant. The speaking was generally good and the audience fine, although there were fewer ladies in attendance than at the contest last year. The first prize was awarded to Julien M. Elliott of Hamilton and the second to D. J. Tompkins of Cornell. Mr. Elliott's subject was "The Heroic Element in Modern Life" and his speech and delivery were unusually fine. Mr. Tompkins' subject was "Napoleon and Goethe at Erfurt."

The decisions in the other contests were also announced. Cornell succeeded in bearing off first prizes in Greek, Mathematics and the Essay on "Dickens and Thackeray," and second prize in Oratory, all of which goes to prove that those Universities having special courses are very apt to take special prizes. Williams received the second prize for the Essay on "Dickens and Thackeray," and the College of the City of New York and the North Western University of Illinois divided the prize for the essay on "Universal Suffrage." The College of the City of New York received the prize for the Essay on "Arbitration as a Substitute for War." Princeton, who had no representatives in Greek or Essays, secured second prize in Mathematics.

Much dissatisfaction was expressed that a lady should have taken first prize in Greek, as the interesting custom of hoisting a victor and carrying him off upon the shoulders of his admiring inferiors had to be dispensed with. It is hoped that such an unfortunate circumstance will be guarded against in the future.

The Inter-Collegiate Literary Association met in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Jan. 5th., Mr. Kargé of Princeton in the chair, and Messrs. T. Jones '76 and Lynde and Green '77 representing Princeton on the floor. Nothing of interest transpired, save the introduction of Latin and Mental Science as subjects for competitive examination at the next contests. The addition of Men-

tal Science, which allows so great a scope for originality of thought, raises the contest to a dignity which it has hitherto, to a great extent, lacked.

The Rowing Association of American Colleges held an adjourned meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Jan. 4th, the Vice-President, Mr. B. E. Warner of Trinity, in the chair, and Messrs. Butler and Davis, '76, representing Princeton. Thirteen colleges were represented, Yale being absent and no new colleges having been admitted.

Communications were received from Cambridge and Trinity of Dublin, the import of which renders it extremely doubtful that either of these Universities will participate in the Regatta next summer. Yale's resignation from the Association was received and accepted without comment, as was also Harvard's announcement of her intention to withdraw after the next Regatta.

After some discussion Saratoga was selected as the place for the next Regatta, and the conditions and style of Rowing adopted were the same as those of last year, except the additional requirement that the captain of every crew must bring a statement from the President of his college certifying to the exact status and length of attendance of every member of the crew. This provision will, it is hoped, exclude from the races all irregular students who have entered any irregular college solely for the purpose of taking the degree of Bachelor of Rowing,—a degree which is sometimes taken in two months. Princeton and the Association are to be congratulated on the selection of Mr. Richard K. Cross as one of the five judges of the Regatta. The Freshman race will take place on July 18th, and the University race on the day following, 10 A. M. being the hour set for each contest.

Time—During examination week last term. Scene—West College.

1st Senior thinks that he will sleep with 2nd Senior on the floor below. After he gets down to the room he finds 3rd Senior and thinks he won't. The force of the new determination impels him so suddenly that he leaves the room and his *robe de nuit* in unexpected haste. 3rd Senior, who is staying with his friend, encases himself in its,—i.e. the r.-de-n.'s,—ample folds and lays him down to sleep and pleasant dreams. 1st Senior irately re-appears and thunderingly demands:—"Where's my night-shirt?" No answer, save a titter and a snort from the bed to which 2nd and 3rd Seniors have retired. 1st Senior hunts about the room, and failing to find the object of his search mutters a few blessings on himself and unceremoniously departs. A lapse of several minutes. 1st Senior reappears muttering wildly and calling out in dulcet tones,—“Say, give me my—gol-darn the chair, I nearly broke my hip,—say, where's my night shirt?” Echo answers—“-hirt” and 1st Senior invades the royal domains of Morpheus, to find his garment about the graceful limbs,—i.e., bow-legs,—of 3rd Senior. Tableau—“Gol-darn you.” “Look out, take your shirt.” “I knew I wasn't that big a fool.” Exit 1st Senior. 2nd and 3rd Seniors change sides. Curtain falls.

A '78 man when asked if he “tore” in a certain examination grunted out, “Yes, I tore 100 in half.”

A '77 man is enraged because in our last issue we spoke of his class as "dough-ty Juniors." We assure the gentleman that the *leaven* of malice was not in the statement, and that we did not intend to *ferment* any bad feeling or *raise* any ill-bre(a)d discord between his class and ourselves.

There is a gymnasium in West College, and it is on the top floor. Membership in the Sophomore (?) class entitles a man to participation in the exercises, which by the way, are a new departure. Wrestling around a table, overturning the same, balancing on the gluteus maximus and impromptu clog-dances are some of the most interesting innovations. It is to be hoped that the Proctor will "assist" on one of these fascinating occasions in time to save the square foot of ceiling and one globe which we have left.

Scene 1st.—Room in West.

Senior—(to Soph.)—What do you think of "Morte d' Arthur?"

Soph.—"I consider him the greatest author in English Literature."

Scene 2nd.—Club.

Senior (to club).—"—— said to day that he thought "Morte d' Arthur" the greatest author in English Literature." Club shouts.

Soph. (scornfully) "You blamed fool, do you suppose I didn't know that he was a Frenchman."

Now that Yale has withdrawn from the Rowing Association there need be no further fear of the rows which have disgraced some of the Regattas. Her *modesty* in challenging the successful crew in the race is readily seen when it is considered that sixth was her place in the last race, and a challenge to the fifth in the Regatta would be more appropriate.

An intellectual Soph. amused himself lately by catching a harmless rusticus mus, tying a string to his tail and watching him fall from a balcony of Reunion. He would then jerk him back and let him try it over several times to the infinite amusement of his fellows.

The drama is on the decline. The last "bug-show" was inferior.

A senior told the Professor in Physics that he could restore the spectrum by an *aromatic* lens and upon noticing the smile upon the Prof's face hastened to say "Oh! no, *acrobatic* is the word."

During the holidays the washerwomen in town had a severe wrangle as to which of them could learn the most from "their students' " cuffs. And yet "she-nanagagging" is killed in Princeton.

The Chapel Stage Performances of '76 were wound up by the Eighth Division on the 11th ult. The winding was unusually good and some of the speakers were so well wound as to render their unwinding a matter of no little difficulty. The musical selections were also wind-y. We give a partial *resume* of the affair.

The band opened with a selection from "Lombardi," which made us wish we were there or somewhere else out of earshot. The most noticeable orator of the first section was a youthful descendant of one of the Irish Kings who gave a

description of his country. He also said that the world is a stage and intimated that the Faculty are a set of mediocre stock actors. Such disrespect should be frowned down. Then the band played, their selection being "Why do I weep for thee?" It was a cornet solo, with variations by the band. They varied muchly,—from the score,—and at the close were vigorously applauded,—for stopping.

In the second section the author of "A True Statesman" was most conspicuous,—for his absence, which was warmly commended. Next to him in interest was the eulogist of "Robert Burns." This gentleman, contrary to expectation, spoke in prose. He gave a succinct and graphic history of Tam O'Scamper and recited Burns' poems entire and with much effect.

A selection from "Girofle-Girofla" quite aroused the audience, when a small man of large ideas and larger shirt-cuffs appeared and eulogized "Cooper," the forerunner of the American Dime Novel. The "War Poet of the South" waxed quite eloquent and made some effective quotations, closing with a touching appeal to "Furl that Banner." He has since explained that he had reference to our shabby boat-house pennant.

Then the band played again. This time they discoursed sweet strains concerning "Ten Women and No Husband,"—an exceedingly appropriate selection for a Princeton audience. We noticed several sympathetic faces among the fair ones. Then appeared a gentleman who quite positively expounded the first idea that ever struck him. He is getting better. "Our Duty to Our Age" was sensibly shown to be "subscribe for the LIT.," when the climax was reached in "The Second American Revolution." John Brown, standing on Jefferson's Rock, holding the sword of Washington but allowing Franklin's staff to go to thunder, declared his evil intentions on Virginia,—poor maiden,—when an unappreciative Governor and several inhabitants of that benighted region suddenly appeared and suspended Mr. B. and his operations together. Hence the row. The country was taken by its four corners and shaken like a napkin,—which accounts for the mixing of the races and the hitherto inexplicable conglomerations which have puzzled science and shocked morality. The analysis was clear and the logic cogent.

The valedictory was good and after its unique delivery, Dr. McCosh consoled us with the customary congratulations, the band played again, and then all was still as the bosom into which the "crooked" hath been too freely poured.

Captain Nicoll's letter to the *N. Y. Tribune* with reference to Yale's withdrawal from the Rowing Association is sensible and well-written. The communication coming from Yale and purporting to answer his letter not only does not answer a single point in it, but also does Mr. Nicoll great injustice. His shrewd attempt to sound Yale upon the subject of withdrawal has been construed by her students, with their usual stupidity, as an offer on Princeton's part to withdraw. Prick up your ears and sharpen your wits, gentlemen—if you can. You have ears enough to warrant the request, but we have serious doubts about the wits.

Prof. John S. Hart, late of Princeton, is to deliver in Philadelphia a course of eight lectures on Shakespeare. The tickets are selling well and the course promises to be a success. We congratulate the Philadelphians on this opportunity to hear those able lectures.

The Annual Convention of the Rowing Association of American Colleges was held in Springfield, Mass., on Dec. 1st, 1875. Fourteen colleges were represented, Messrs. Butler '76 and Nicoll '77 appearing in behalf of Princeton. Mr. Stevens of Bowdoin was elected President and Mr. Warner of Trinity, Vice-president.

The re-admission of Trinity was the first business considered. She having failed to take part in the last Regatta on account of the death of a member of her crew forfeited her membership, which was, however, promptly restored to her.

The Regatta committee of last year, Messrs. Eustis, of Wesleyan, Drayton, of Princeton, and Ferry, of Yale, made an extended report, among other things, that in the future more power be given to this committee and that to it should be left the disposition and control of all money intended for Regatta purposes. They protested against the selection of Philadelphia as a fit place for holding the next Regatta, and referred in uncomplimentary terms to the local management of last year's Regatta at Saratoga.

A long debate as to the place of holding the next Regatta ensued, the convention apparently being about equally divided between New London and Saratoga. The matter was referred to the Regatta Committee with instructions to report at the next meeting. The propositions coming from Philadelphia were unanimously voted down. The question as to rowing the race in heats was decided by the provisional arrangement that if the course selected were not wide enough to allow fourteen boats to row abreast the race should be rowed in heats. A motion to have coxswains in future Regattas was lost by a vote of 10 to 4. Princeton voting in the affirmative. Messrs. B. F. Rees of Columbia, J. E. Eustis of Wesleyan and S. A. McCall of Dartmouth, were elected as the Regatta Committee for the following year. Upon the nomination of Mr. Butler, Hon. Thos. Hughes, of London, was elected referee for the next race, and upon Mr. Nicoll's nomination, Mr. Chitty, of the London Rowing Club, was chosen alternate.

The subject of making the next Regatta international was discussed and a resolution to that effect adopted. Invitation to participate in the race were extended to Oxford, Cambridge and Trinity Universities. The Convention adjourned to meet in N. Y., on Jan. 4th, 1876.

In answer to a call made by the Presidents of the Harvard and Yale Athletic Associations, delegates from Amherst, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, Union, Williams, Wesleyan and Yale met on Dec. 4th, 1875, at Springfield, Mass., to consider the question of forming an Inter-collegiate Athletic Association to take under its control the games usually held after the summer regatta. A few words only were needed to show the advisability of this step, and the delegates proceeded to form a permanent organization. A rough draft of a constitution was

presented and with a few alterations adopted. (We will give this in full in our next issue.) The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:—President, Y. C. Webb, of Yale; Vice-President, Randolph Hurry, Columbia; Secretary, G. W. Green, Harvard; Treasurer, W. A. Platt, Williams, and as Committee on Athletic Sports, beside the President, Mr. Green, Harvard, and Mr. Wallace, Wesleyan.

An adjourned meeting of this convention was held on Jan. 5th, 1876, at the 5th Ave. Hotel, New York. The following delegates were present: from Amherst, G. W. Cloak, B. C. Morell; Brown, Albert Gallup; Columbia, Randolph Hurry, J. A. Renwick; Dartmouth, E. C. Stimpson, E. W. Eager; Cornell, A. M. Ensign; Harvard, G. W. Green, E. H. Herrick; Princeton, W. T. Kaufman, F. A. Marquand; Trinity, E. M. Scudder; Union, B. Brockelman; Wesleyan, W. C. Wallace; Williams, R. H. Halsey; Yale, J. H. Hammond, G. C. Webb; and from the college of the city of New York which was admitted to membership, Nelson H. Henry.

The convention decided that the first field meeting of the Association should be held on the day succeeding the college Regatta, and at Saratoga, the people of that place very kindly offering to build a quarter of a mile track within five minutes walk of the hotels.

The following is the list of games to be contested:—

For undergraduates—100 yard dash; quarter of a mile run; half-mile run; one mile run; three mile run; one mile walk; three mile walk; 120 yard hurdle race; running long jump; running high jump; throwing base ball; putting the shot; three legged race, 200 yards;—For graduates:—one mile run, and one mile walk.

A motion to restrict each college to one or two contestants in a single game was lost; so was also a motion to invite the English Universities to send representatives to compete with us.

It was decided that the first prizes in all the contests should be of the same value.

The rules governing the games are to be drawn up by the Committee on Sports and sent by them to the different college associations for their sanction at least two months before the annual field meeting.

According to the constitution each college is to appoint a judge whose duty it will be to look out for the interests of its representatives and to carry all claims of foul to the umpire. The latter shall have sole power of decision and this shall be final.

In executive session the Convention elected Mr. Daniel M. Stern of the New York Athletic Club to act as umpire in the games of next summer. The Convention then adjourned to meet in New York at the 5th Avenue Hotel, the day following the convention of the college Rowing Association, December, 1876.

Last year Princeton sent but one representative to the games at Saratoga. We think this was chiefly owing to the imperfect organization of our college Athletic

Association. We had many good men who would willingly have represented us but who either did not care to put themselves forward or were unable to bear the expense.

The Association should have seen that these men were sent to represent it even if it had to pay their expenses.

However from the irregular organization of the Association, not much could have been expected from it.

We are glad to hear that a movement is on foot to place it on a firmer basis, to give it a constitution which it has hitherto been without and to throw it open in a manner similar to the Boat Club. We wish it all success.

At a meeting held at the beginning of the present Collegiate year, the Trustees adopted a resolution to the effect that the average grade of any class must not be higher than 85, the highest possible individual grade being 100. The absurdity of such an order is apparent. If every man in a class deserved 90 he could not get it, and if ten men in a class deserved 100 it could not be given to them, without gross injustice to the remainder of the class. For if the ten did receive 100, in order to preserve the average either the actual relativity of the rest of the grades would be destroyed, or many men whose grades should allow them to pass, would receive conditions. Besides all the classes are thus, to all intents and purposes, virtually reduced to an intellectual level; for according to our long established manner of grading the average of nearly every class has exceeded the limit now set. The next thing in order for our far-seeing Trustees to do is to regulate by legislation the average weight and age of every class at graduation.

The Centennial Year was ushered in at Princeton by a great ringing of bells and a patriotic fuss generally. The students who were here obtained the key to the bell-tower on the condition,—imposed by Dr. McCosh,—that they should make as much noise as possible,—a condition which received much more ready compliance than most of the mandates from that high authority. The bell was rung from midnight of Dec. 31st to 1 A. M., on Jan. 1st, in series of seventy-six peals, a new man taking charge at the end of each seventy-six. The Snobs set up an opposition, but as they had but one hand at the bell, their efforts to out-Centennialize us were fruitless. Such a welcome to the Centennial Year as "our boys" gave from the building in which John Witherspoon once moved and the Continental Congress, under the Presidency of Elias Boudinot, sat, was not inappropriate.

A man in College threatened to challenge us if we inserted in the *LIT.* anything concerning him. It is needless to say that no notice of him appears.

Hon. Thomas Hughes has announced his inability to act as referee at the Regatta next Summer.

We understand that the Trustees have declined to excuse us from finals. Get your "trances" ready, boys, the bore will soon begin.

Sixty-eight Seniors enjoyed the reception at the President's.

"Life on the ocean wave" is like the weather in Princeton, wet and variable.

The other day an organ-grinder ground out some fine music and collected a few stray nickels. Now the "sound of the grinding is gone and those that look out of the window be darkened."

The Trustees have made Mathematics a required study for Junior year. This is a wise measure and one sorely needed, for every one felt—no matter how much he may dislike Mathematics—that we did not get enough of it. Almost any one horse college has more required Mathematics than Princeton.

J. M. Taylor, '76 represented the Philadelphia Barge Club at a special meeting of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held at the Metropolitan on the 20th inst.

The new Hotel is progressing. The walls of the first story are up. Work on the new Dormitory has been stopped for the Winter.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following exchanges:

Hamilton Lit., Yale Lit., Kentucky Wesleyan, Miss. University Mag., Niagara Index, Graphic, Winnowings, Forest and Stream, Virg. Mag., Trinity Tablet, Williams Athenaeum, Oberlin Review, Round Table, Yale Record, Acta Columbiana, University Herald, Yale Courant, McGill Gazette, College Journal, Bowdoin Orient, Harvard Advocate, College Mercury, Brunonian, Packer Quarterly, Crimson, Tufts Collegian, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Targum, Dartmouth, Lafayette College Journal.

When the "LIT." Reviewer had finished the perusal of the *Yale Record*, a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance, and his knees knocked one against another for grief. He went forth, and called together the editors of his paper and said unto them, "Behold! the great critic is upon us, and hath left no hiding place for us. Let us take counsel among ourselves, whether or no the LIT. shall be left alive. And let us draw lots, even red and white lots, and let us ordain that those drawing red lots shall be slain and offered up as a peace offering unto our enemy *The Record*, but those drawing the white lots shall be left alive, so that they may edit the magazine after the manner of the *Yale Record*, the mighty one. Then were the brethren wroth, in that many feared they might draw the red lots, and they began forthwith to reason among themselves. Among others reasoning one opened his mouth and spake, saying; 'Oh! Brethren, what have we to fear? *The Record* speaketh that concerning which it hath no knowledge. The warriors of the *Record* are as men trained in a slop-bowl, and accustomed only to the gathering of scandals from the clubs and the boarding houses of New Haven. Therefore they speak whereof they have no knowledge. They are men, who, because of their abilities being few, were not called upon to edit the magazine called the *Yale Lit.*, but because of their scavenger propensities, were called upon to gather into the *Record* all the gossip and lies which

pervade the clubs of New Haven. Wherefore I say, the *Record* speaks concerning literary affairs as one having no authority. They have, indeed, ample time to read and consider literary affairs, but not being men of culture, they are incapable of distinguishing the true from the false. But, oh brethren! did not the men of Yale sally forth against armed strangers, called in their own tongue, I. O. O. F., and did they not insult them and cast stones against them, when they had received no provocation thereunto? Wherefore, I pray ye, weep not because the *Record* hath turned its countenance from us for the *Record* like Yale men might tell lies and attack us unjustly. But let us rather look upon the *Record* as a carrion crow, which singeth in a strange tongue, '*laus deo*;' when a battle occurs,— '*laus deo*!' now shall I have food for my mouth, yea the food which I love, even rotten scandal and falsehood."

Thus spake the Editor and the brethren agreed with him. Then went the Reviewer from among them, and lighting a huge pipe with the *Record* smoked it in peace.

College Journal has numerous articles on wonderfully profound subjects, written evidently with a view of enlightening the students of the Western University. We earnestly hope that the object of the several authors is attained. The writer of the first article propounds many questions and depends entirely upon the relative capacities of the readers to determine whether or not, he answers them conclusively. A young and sprightly *Damascus Blade*, one of the literati of that famous institution, and who evinces a strong proclivity for maltreating encyclopedias, spreads before us an intellectual feast on "Wheat Raising in Syria." The author of "Commencements" is contemplating a regeneration of the school system of this country. Let conservative Princeton cling to the past century more firmly than ever before, lest this mighty reformer sweep her forth into the vortex of innovation. Just as the talented author of "Country Politics" was coming to the point or joke of the story he was telling he disappointed us by using the old subterfuge, "I left then," and the expectant reader is left in doubt as to the fate of the defeated constable. Let us hope that gentleman safely reached his banquet of beans and bacon and did not become inebriated at the village "Hellerman's," or attempt his life with a blunt tooth-pick, or lick his successful opponent. After the dignified editorial concerning the exchange department, we were surprised to find how extravagantly poor that department was. Let the *Journal* reviewer follow the example of the *Yale Record's* dyspeptic, and he will be sure to kill or cure.

PERSONALS.

'59. W. B. Wright, Author of "The Brook" and other poems, is now residing at Buffalo, N. Y.

'63. Renenburgh, Practicing Law in Jersey City.

'66. "Bill" Shouster, Practicing Law in Washington, D. C.

- '70. "Tom" Brown, Arguing Gold Claims in Los Angeles, Col.
- '70. "Joe" Kelly, Assistant Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Washington. D. C.
- '70. Gummere, Fast becoming distinguished among the lawyers of Newark.
- '70. Charles J. Parker, Practicing Law in Freehold, N. J.
- '70. Sooy, Preaching in the Methodist Church, Princeton.
- '71. Rev. Jack Laird *has consented* to fill the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Carson City. Is going to teach the buffaloes Greek?
- '71. Steene, Residing at Easton, Pa.
- '72. "Ben" Reynolds, Banker in Wilkesbarre, Pa.
- '72. "Andy" McClintock, Legalizing in Luzerne County, Pa.
- '72. Thackery, Everly longing for another Commencement night.
- '73. Drayton, Polling Law, in New York City.
- '74. "Joe" Milburn, Assisting the United States Government in its arduous labors.
- '74. "Tom" Ricketts, Studying Medicine in Philadelphia.
- '74. "Snappy" Crawford, Don't subscribe to the "Lit."
- '74. Hinckley, has a little girl, thus leaving J. Cook, lately married, an excellent chance for the cup.
- '74. Bates, In the Iron Business at Columbus, O.
- '74. Scarlet and Sponsler, Walked through Virginia, while Aderton and Fuller made trip through Pennsylvania and New York.
- '74. "Jake" Van Deventer, In business in Philadelphia.
- '75. "Johnny" Rayburn, Teaching School at Brady's (not the Commodore's) Bend, Pa.
- '75. "Pete" McGuff, Deputy Sawbones at Franklin, Pa.
- '75. "Billy" Williams, Mastering (?) Blackstone at Paterson, N. J.
- '75. Garabrant, The Amphibious, is Teaching School in Hackensack. The "Whale" is still in training.
- '75. "Joe" Warren, Has lately visited Princeton to learn the success of the Prohibition Law, in the passage of which he was so instrumental.
- '75. "Sally" Snow, Is *not* about to open a Young Ladies' Seminary, as at first reported, but is aiming at eminence in the ministry, law, or dry goods business,—he don't know which.
- '75. "Bull" Nickerson, Polling Law in his native province of Philadelphia.
- '76. Many of the Seniors have been rusticated on account of winter complaints.
- '76. "Stroller" Finley, Growing muscular and pugnacious.
- '76. Chaffee's book trade will close after June, 1876.
- '76, '77, '78, or '79, Whoever you are, please discontinue emptying your water pitcher over the banister of North Reunion Entry, and oblige those unfortunates rooming below.